

Our mail to the west must travel very slowly indeed. But then it is some distance to Columbus, O. We fail to see what other reason there *could* be for the *Lantern* to just find out in the last number that we had a "mounted knight on the front cover" when the same said knight appeared nearly a year ago. But such is fame.

"How old are you?" a rude boy asked  
A very ancient maid;  
And thus the antique spinster tasked,  
In gentle accents said—  
"Pray look at the thermometer,"  
The careless boy obeyed,  
"You're sixty-one  
When in the sun,  
And forty in the shade."

—*Moonshine.*

When walking down the busy street,  
With new and glossy tile,  
You fancy every one you meet  
Admires your stunning style.  
But how it makes you want a shroud,  
When suddenly and pat  
There comes an exclamation loud,  
Where did you get that hat?  
Where did you get that hat?

—*Washington Capital.*

"Next month *The Burr* will appear on the 5th and 20th of each month."

We are glad to notice the enterprise manifested by the editors of *The Burr*. The cut of Captain Warriner is quite a pleasing feature of the December issue.

#### SONG OF A SENIOR.

Tell me not in mournful numbers,  
That we graduate next year;  
For the faculty still slumbers  
And we have no need to fear.  
Let us then be noble seniors,  
Never whispering in the hall;  
Still achieving, still pursuing,  
For we'll not be here next fall.

*Dickinson Liberal.*

The *Pennsylvania College Monthly*, for December, gives a short review of an article entitled "College Chaplains," which brings out some new thoughts upon the religious element in American colleges.

#### A NATURAL ERROR.

They met at a church reception;  
A ninety girl was she,  
He came from o'er the ocean  
And registered ninety-three.  
In the course of the conversation  
She spoke about her brother,  
Said "He's a Michigander,  
You ought to know each other."

Up spake the foreigner,  
His English rather loose,  
A blush o'espreading his features,  
"Are you a Michagoose?"

—*Cornell Era.*

TO ———.

Shall I write you a glowing love song,  
In the twinkle of Dobson or Præd,  
Full of airy meaningless nothing,  
By poets oft sung and said?

Shall I rhyme to your delicate eyebrow,  
To your eyes of starlight blue?  
Shall I immortalize you in a sonnet  
As others have tried to do?

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But, alas, I cannot pen a sonnet,  
Nor rhyme to "eyes of blue,"  
I can only keep on loving,  
As, mayhap, the others will do.

—*Yale Courant.*

#### COLLEGE ORBIT.

The cost for postage of sending this year's college catalogue to the Harvard Alumni was \$500.

Vassar has introduced a system of self-government similar to the college senate system of Amherst. The plan works very satisfactory among the young ladies.

State College has a Telegraph Club. The members are all connected with a circuit of wires and are learning the craft.

A new College Y. M. C. A. building, the gift of Mr. Eugene Levering, of Baltimore, has just been dedicated at Johns Hopkins University.

The statistics collected in regard to the Oxford-Cambridge oarsmen of England, show that but thirty-nine men have died out of 294 rowers in the last forty years, showing that the after-life of a college athlete must be a healthy one.

Courtney, the well-known professional oarsman, is coaching the Cornell crew.

The Columbia Law school has 447 students, 314 of whom are graduates.

Thirty men are in training daily at the Pennsylvania State College for the base-ball team.

When it was announced at the English university of Cambridge that ladies would henceforth be admitted to the university examinations, the students turned out in a body to cheer Miss Helen Gladstone and the incoming young women students.